

## WHAT TO DO WITH THE QUEEN OF MOONSHINERS PUZZLES U. S. OFFICIALS

Authorities Feel They Must Have Recourse to Strenuous  
Action to Restrain Betsy Simms.

### YOUNG, FEARLESS, AND IDOL OF OUTLAWS

In Prison for Dealing in Whisky That Had Paid No Revenue, She  
Severely Cuts Jailers in Attempt to Escape—Three  
Indictments Now Against Her.

Much as has been written of the ways and doings of the mountaineers of North Carolina, any person at all familiar with the lives of the inhabitants of that romantic region cannot but feel that the half has not been told.

Loyal to a degree that holds life worth nothing if a friend can be served, an enemy punished or a traitor put to death, the mountaineer is typical of a state of existence the world has long outgrown.

The average man of more sedate temperament and cooler blood leaves the avenging of his wrongs to courts of law and the judgment of his fellows, but in the mountains each man is a court of law unto himself, and is not satisfied with the slow methods of justice with which other communities are conversant.

It has been found a matter of monumental difficulty to impress upon these people that there is wrong in the making of "moonshine" whisky. To them the product of the corn they grow is theirs, whether it is converted into the stuff of life or the delectable liquid of the worm and still. The efforts of the "revenuers" to put a stop to the distilling of the juice of the corn necessarily, therefore, are not looked upon with favor, and conflicts with the officers of the law are frequent. Just now the federal officials have a complication to deal with which is more than usually knotty.

"Queen" New in Jail.

The best looking gal in the mountains! Betsy Sims, "Queen of the Moonshiners," is languishing in the big and lonesome jail at Columbus, the high-up little mountain town which is the county seat of Polk, one of the smallest and most isolated of the North Carolina counties. What to do with her is the problem puzzling the authorities.

Betsy, though only 22, is as daring and well versed a woman, both in the ways of making whisky and of sell-

ing it, as one could find in that wild country, even in a full day's ride, and she is as pretty as she is adroit and daring, with a killing pair of eyes, bright and well-filled cheeks and hair which defies conventionalities. Betsy has cut no little figure in Polk county since she was 16, for even at that early age she began her work as a seller of contraband whisky. She made herself such a figure, in fact, that even the older moonshiners began to look up to her and in their rude way to idolize the plucky girl, who had been bred all her life to think the selling of whisky was an act of the very best sort, and that the "revenuers" were a race of people who deserved only death and who were sent out as oppressors of the people. Such is the faith which is literally the backbone of Betsy's point of view, and that of her moonshiner companions, who

make corn whisky in the shaded and well-hidden hollows in the mountains, through which run streams whose waters are always just cool enough to give the distillery worms the right touch.

**Capture of Betsy.**

Betsy has year by year become more and more daring, and more beautiful. A few months ago she became extremely bold in her sales of whisky, going to and from the stills, sometimes alone, and sometimes with male companions. Finally the state authorities decided it was time to stop her, so they sent three deputy sheriffs for Betsy. The deputies had the good fortune to find her, on foot, and very near the South Carolina line, which she knows perfectly well. When she saw the three deputies coming, she knew they were not her friends, and made a bold dash for the line. As a sprinter she is a success, and her running was like that of the Grecian girls who competed in the ancient Olympic games. The deputies did not stop to admire, however, but gave chase and dashed across the state line, coming up with and taking hold of the stout and charming Betsy about a hundred yards over in South Carolina.

Betsy was nearly out of breath from the run, but had voice enough left to give a signal, which brought out of the thick bushes near by five tough-looking moonshiners, any one of whom was ready and willing to die for Betsy any time. Betsy had a good-sized revolver slung about her waist, and very poorly concealed by a checked apron, but her moonshiner friends made no concealment whatever of the pistols which they had in hand, and while they fingered these, they parleyed with the detaining deputies, letting them understand that they were willing to pay cash for Betsy's appearance in "co't," and that they were "willing" to put up \$25 in greenbacks if Betsy could be set

whisky, and so it came about that then and during the remainder of the month of April Betsy sold nine barrels of the stuff, some of it in Polk county, some in Rutherford, and some over the line in South Carolina. But, although she kept in touch with her business all the while, she showed up at the term of Polk county superior court the second week in May, escorted always by a party of her moonshiner friends. She wore a different dress and a different hat on each of three days, this being the most important event in her existence to date.

**Got Cases Continued.**

There were three indictments against her, but she contrived, on one plea or another, and by means of a tremendous lot of swearing by moonshiner friends, to get the case continued, always putting up a cash bond for appearance. She thus invested \$200. Then the attention of the judge was directed more particularly toward her, and he found the extent of her work and the damage she was doing in parts of two states, in her open violations of the law. She must have felt in the very air that something was wrong,

sprang upon the jailer, who had a bad quarter of an hour, for not only was Betsy a good wrestler, but a star half-puller and scratcher. Not satisfied with these accomplishments, she whipped out a knife and cut the jailer five times. He was compelled to knock her down and then to tie her, burning a hole therein, through which

The matter was at once reported to the judge, who ordered that she be placed in the strongest cell and closely watched, and at the next term of court she will be indicted for an assault with intent to kill, not to speak of another indictment for attempt to escape. Some of her moonshiner friends have in a quiet way made threats that she will not stay in jail long, but the county authorities say they can hold her.

Betsy's exploit in the jail has given her an added importance and value among her associates.

**Poor Marksmen in Mexico.**

A recent unfortunate occurrence in army circles in Mexico indicates that marksmanship may be still further developed to advantage. It seems that



for the morning the judge took his seat on the morning of the fourth day Betsy failed to show up. The judge issued a bench warrant for her, and she was found at the home of a moonshiner not far from the little town, brought back and tried, and the judge decided to make an example of the bold young creature by sending her to jail at Columbus for four months.

**Astonished the Moonshiners.**

The moonshiners were simply paralyzed by the sentence, for some of them thought that Betsy bore a charmed life, so to speak, and one of them, in an outburst of admiration, had said on the third day that she would "come clear," and that "no judge an' no jury can tech her, in my min'." But Betsy had not quite reached the limit of her resources. The jail at Columbus is an old-fashioned barn of a structure, three stories high and of brick, and is generally slimly tenanted. It happened that when Betsy first entered its walls a man was there on his way to the penitentiary to serve 12 months for the practice of the gentle art of manslaughter, he having in some kind of mix-up slain a fellow-moonshiner with a knife, and "gittin' off light," as the other side of the case put it. Betsy was put on the second floor of the jail, this prisoner whose name is Chalmers, being on the floor above. A rather rude flight of steps leads from the second to the third floor, through a well-locked trap-door of wood.

**How She Broke Jail.**

The weather was cool, and there was a fire in Betsy's room. She did not feel equal to the task of getting out of jail unaided, so she sought the companionship of Chalmers. They talked to each other, commonplace while the jailer was anywhere within hearing, but business when he was out of the way, the business being the best means of getting out. Betsy was the more resourceful of the two, and so, taking a "chunk of fire," she went up the stairway and set fire to the trap-door, Chalmers descended. He and Betsy, after passing the compliments of the day, for they were acquainted, decided on the mode of action, and then Chalmers fell to work to make a hole through the side of the jail, while Betsy made a rope out of blankets and bedding, and arranged such goods and chattels as she had with her in shape for quick removal. Chalmers, with true gallantry, decided that it was best for him to go through the hole first, thus testing the latter, and, incidentally, the rope below. Out he got and flitted away.

**Nearly Vanquishes Jailor.**

Betsy was going, too, but as she was half-way through the hole she felt the rude hands of the jailer upon her, and was hauled back into the room. This aroused her fighting instinct to the limit, and like a lioness she

a common soldier attacked a fellow soldier with a razor. A general mix-up resulted and a lieutenant ran to the scene. Fortunately he was armed with a pistol. He drew it and fired at the malcontent, but, as it happened, missed him altogether and killed an innocent bugler who was looking on. This only made the affair livelier, and at last one strong fellow plinked the ruffian. Thereupon a sentinel, who had caught on from his post, fired away, and hit in the breast the brave man who had the ugly one down.

**WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK**

Pretty Picture of Congeniality Between Animal Instinct and Human Reason.

Broadway was very interesting to the tenderfoot from the west, but she hadn't expected to find such a demonstrative new friend there as she ran across recently. On one of the busiest corners, where the crossing is as dangerous and as difficult as any mountain pass was in the old days, she was walking into the jaws of death with the fearlessness and confidence of ignorance. She was snatched almost impatiently from the passing dangers by a mounted policeman, who, by the way, wasn't mounted at the time. His horse, a fine, spirited specimen of the equine race, was patiently standing at the corner by the curb, watching the passing throng and his master. Said master hurriedly thrust the dazed tenderfoot to the sidewalk out of harm's way. She bumped into the horse. Both were surprised, and both begged pardon in their own ways. The girl said, rapturously:

"Oh, you beauty!"

The horse whinnied softly, as if she were an old and beloved friend, rubbing his nose against her sleeve. Then the girl started across the street once more. When she was half way over she felt a light touch on her shoulder and at the same time heard several men laughing. In surprise, she looked to see what could be happening. There stood the policeman's beautiful steed, looking pleadingly at her. The next instant she had that horse's head in her arms and her face against his glossy head, tears of pleasure in her eyes. Around this odd pair flowed the stream of traffic, for this was a busy center, but many people stopped to see the strange sight. The next instant the gruff officer had brusquely called to the horse, and when the horse failed to come to his call he quite rudely grasped the rein and took the horse away from the tableau, which immediately dissolved as the girl went her way with moist eyes, a happy smile and a longing in her heart for her beloved home in the far west and the horse she loved so well.

## HOME AGAIN.

Fred Muth, the Kidnapped  
Boy, Is Found.

### CAPTOR IS JAILED.

The Kidnapper was a Real Estate  
Agent Who was Holding the  
Lad for Ransom.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Freddie Muth, the 7-year-old son of Jeweler Charles Muth, who was kidnapped from the Muhlenberg public school last Tuesday, was found Monday afternoon in a vacant house and returned to his parents. John Joseph Kean, a member of a respectable New York family, one time bookkeeper of the Harlem bank, a stock broker and more recently a real estate agent, is the abductor.

Replete with dramatic incidents throughout, the climax of the abduction was exciting. The kidnapper was taken at the point of a pistol only after he had been fired on and when he realized that escape was impossible. Kean is a married man and the father of three children. He gave as his reason for abducting the Muth boy that he needed money.

From the day of the kidnapping until the arrest Kean had kept the child in three vacant houses in West Philadelphia.

The first information that Kean and his captive were in the vicinity in which the arrest was eventually made came from Joseph Sager, a baker, who told a policeman that he had seen a man and a boy answering the description of the pair in an oyster saloon on Haverford avenue last Wednesday night. Officers began a search of all the vacant houses in the neighborhood and their search led them to the house occupied by the abductor and the child. These dwellings were so constructed, however, that by means of a rear shed Kean was able to elude the police by climbing into the back windows of the two adjoining houses, which were also unoccupied. A second investigation Monday resulted in the recovery of the boy and the arrest of the kidnapper by Officer Valle, who, seeing Freddie Muth in the house, entered from the roof of an adjoining house. He was just in time to see Kean hurrying down the stairs. Drawing a revolver, he fired at the fleeing man, but missed. He finally caught him and the kidnapper surrendered.

In the letters which Kean wrote to Mr. Muth he threatened to kill the boy if his demands were not met. He demanded that Mr. Muth tell the police a fictitious tale about the disappearance of his son in order that the detectives might be withdrawn.

His letters were answered by Capt. Donaghy through the "personal" columns of the newspapers and apparently all of his demands were granted, but Kean avoided arrest.

### THE MEAT INSPECTION BILL.

President Roosevelt and Speaker Cannon Confer and Agree as to its Provisions.

Washington, D. C.—The basis of a complete agreement on the meat inspection legislation between President Roosevelt and the house committee on agriculture was arrived at Monday at the White House. Speaker Cannon represented the committee in this instance and subsequently spent some time explaining the situation to the committee in its room at the capitol. The bill was practically completed when the committee adjourned. It will authorize an annual appropriation of \$3,000,000 to pay the cost of inspection and will contain no provision for the levy of an assessment to make up any deficiency in the amount available for this work, as suggested by Mr. Cowan, representing the Texas cattle growers, and later urged by the president.

The court review provision will not be contained in the measure. This action meets the suggestion of the president. The words "in the judgment of the secretary of agriculture" will not be inserted as suggested by the president, and this conclusion now meets Mr. Roosevelt's approval.

The section waiving the civil service law for one year in the selection of inspectors will go out of the provision.

There is to be no date on the label of the packing of meat food product. In this the president yields to the committee. The language which gives inspectors the right to inspect the packing plants at all times is amplified by the words "whether the same be in operation or not."

### Congress.

Washington.—On the 18th the senate passed the Lake Erie and Ohio river canal bill and several bills of minor importance. The house adjourned when the death of Representative Lester, of Georgia, was announced. No business was transacted.

### Banker Must Go to Jail.

Helena, Mont.—Christopher Koehler, a banker of Hastings, Neb., was fined \$250 and sentenced to jail for 12 hours by Judge Hunt in the United States district court Monday on a charge of illegally fencing government lands.

**Voted to Mutualize the Society.**  
New York.—Stockholders of the Equitable Life Assurance Society on Monday adopted the formal resolutions authorizing the amended charter which provides for the mutualization of the society.

## TONIC TREATMENT

Weak Stomach and Sick Headache  
Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The symptoms of stomach trouble vary. Some victims have a ravenous appetite, others loathe the sight of food. Often there is a feeling as of weight on the chest, a full feeling in the throat. Sometimes the gas presses on the heart and leads the sufferer to think he has heart disease. Sick headache is a frequent and distressing symptom.

A weak stomach needs a digestive tonic and that there is no better tonic for this purpose than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is shown by the statement of Mr. A. C. Merrill, a mining man, of Oneals, Calif., a veteran of Battalion C, Third U. S. Regular Infantry.

"I had never been well since I left the army," he says, "always having had trouble with my stomach, which was weak. I was run down and debilitated. Could keep nothing on my stomach, and at times had sick headache so bad that I did not care whether I lived or died. My stomach refused to retain even liquid food and I almost despaired of getting well as I had tried so many kinds of medicine without relief. Then I was bitten by a rattlesnake and that laid me up from work entirely for a year, six months of which I spent in bed."

"One day a friend recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to me and I began taking them. They cured me when all other medicine had failed. I have recommended the pills to a great many, for during my recovery every one asked me what was helping me so and I told them Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I cannot speak too highly of them."

If you want good health you must have good blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood and restore shattered nerves. They are sold by all druggists or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50c. per box, six boxes for \$2.50 by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

### ORACULAR OBSERVATIONS.

Many a good resolution quickly runs down at the heel.

A pretty girl can teach a man most anything but good common sense.

It pays to look a mule in the face when you have anything to say to him.

About half of the things bought on credit would not be bought if cash were demanded.

Have you noticed that the bottom of a cup of joy that runs over is seldom far from the top?

It's a good deal better to think poetry than to write it, and better to write it than to print it.

### GIRLS WANTED.

Wanted in a family of three people, three girls—competent cook, house maid and chamber maid. Preferably friends or acquaintances who will work harmoniously and for the interest of the house. Must be thoroughly reliable and trustworthy and give good testimonials from former employers. House has every convenience; maids' rooms large, pleasant and opening together. Wages \$25 per month with a yearly increase to the right girls and two weeks' vacation to each girl. All of present maids in my employ from three to ten years. Full particulars on application. Address Mrs. Geo. A. Joslyn, Omaha, Neb.

### Different Kinds.

"A man in politics should have lots of friends, shouldn't he?"

"It depends," answered Senator Sargent, "on whether they are friends who want to do something for you or who want you to do something for them."—Washington Star.

### To Launder China Silk Waists.

China silk waists launder nicely. Remove any spots with benzine. Then wash in warm soap suds, rubbing between the hands; rinse through several waters. Use Ivory Soap and do not rub the soap on the fabric. Wring as dry as possible, wrap in a sheet and when partially dry iron on the wrong side.  
ELEANOR R. PARKER.

### Suggesting Safe Course.

McFlibb—That fellow Huskie called me a liar!

Newitt—Yes?

"Yes. What would you do about it?"

"Well, if I were you, I'd make it a point always to tell the truth when he's around."—Catholic Standard.

### Still Spiteful.

Her—Yes, she married him to spite another girl.

Him—But why did she divorce him?

"So he could marry the other girl, and thus spite her some more."—Chicago Daily News.

### Physical Impossibility.

The House Cat—You're getting fat and apoplectic. I can see your finish.

The Pug Dog (making an effort to turn his head, but giving up)—That's more than I can do, anyhow.—Chicago Tribune.

### Innovation in Oregon.

Some palefaces recently from the east have been putting up fly screen doors to their houses. The next thing we know we will be having flies on the bay.—North Bend Harbor.



ing it, as one could find in that wild country, even in a full day's ride, and she is as pretty as she is adroit and daring, with a killing pair of eyes, bright and well-filled cheeks and hair which defies conventionalities. Betsy has cut no little figure in Polk county since she was 16, for even at that early age she began her work as a seller of contraband whisky. She made herself such a figure, in fact, that even the older moonshiners began to look up to her and in their rude way to idolize the plucky girl, who had been bred all her life to think the selling of whisky was an act of the very best sort, and that the "revenuers" were a race of people who deserved only death and who were sent out as oppressors of the people. Such is the faith which is literally the backbone of Betsy's point of view, and that of her moonshiner companions, who

free now and 'pear at Columbus next term."

**Deputies Made Terms.**

The deputies thought it wise to temporize, and decided to take the cash, while the moonshiners gallantly put up, and Betsy retired with them, looking back archly at the officers, her charming eyes sparkling with defiance and the roses in her cheeks deepening until they were like peonies. Her face was framed in a pink sunbonnet of the type which is worn on week days by all the mountain girls.

Betsy did not let her daring and her adventures end with her capture, but the very next day her moonshiner friends showed up with \$150, they having sold a horse for that sum. There was a "big meetin'" not far away, and it was thought it would be a good time to buy an extra lot of

